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struction Come, miss Charlotte, give me hold of your hand, and do you, master Billy, take hold of your sister's other hand.

So, Dolly, you are milking the cows. Pray hand these little gentry of mine some of your new milk; for they are good children, and deserve it. Milk them some, if you please, from the red cow; for they say the red cow's milk is the sweetest. Do not drink too much, Billy, for fear it should lie heavy on your stomach.

What fine creatures these cows are, and how agreeable to the taste is the milk they give! A cow is a little estate to a poor man, since it supplies his family with a great part of their nourishment. Bread and milk is their usual breakfast and supper, and their dinners are often nothing more than milk and potatoes. And yet see, my dears, how fresh and hearty these poor country children look. If they can now and then get a piece of fat bacon to eat, they think that a feast.

How

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How thankful you both ought to be, that it has pleased God to make you the children of parents who want for nothing!

You see with what pleasure and contentment the cattle crop the meadow grass; to them it is as great a dainty as would be the nicest pies and tarts to you. Nor do they indeed eat this merely for themselves; for that fine grass produces that nice milk, such as you have just now tasted, and this they generally give twice a day.

Providence has given to all beasts four legs; for had they only two, they might then walk upright as we do, which would be very inconvenient for animals, whose food is on the ground, and to eat which they must stoop to crop it; nor would two legs be able to carry a body of so great a weight as theirs. Cows are never shod like horses, and therefore you see what hard feet they have, which would otherwise be sadly cut and mangled. Their horns not only serve them as weapons

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